THE

GUINEA OUTFIT;

OR, THE

Sailor's Farewell,

A

COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS.

A NEW EDITION.

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Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Captain Sharp	Maſter of a veſſel lying in the river
Will Whiff	Mate of ditto
Thomas Free	Doctor
Murphy O'Facan	Doctor's Mate
Peter Pipe	Boatſwain
Joe Chissel	Carpenter
Will Whistle, Joe Jibb, Tom Bowling, Jack Ratlin	Sailors
'Squire Catesby	A country gentleman
'Squire Hard	A citizen and father to Kitty
Joseph Catesby	Couſin to 'Squire Cateſby
Bob Bluff	A clown

BRITISH MUSEUM

WOMEN.

Kitty	Daughter to 'Squire Hard, and in love with Dr. Free
Betty	A ſervant
Matty	Ditto
Nelly, Sue, Molly	Sailors wives
Mrs. Cobweb	A landlady
Mrs. Selfish	Ditto

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ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, LIVERPOOL EXCHANGE.

Enter Captain and Whiff.

CAPTAIN.

WELL, pox take all whores, players, and public houſes; eight days has the ſnow been in the river, with the wind north-eaſt, and not a man to be got.

WHIFF. From five o'clock this morning have I been in ſearch of people, and have had pretty good ſucceſs. Let me ſee, in Popularry-wient, engaged two ſtout fellows at Mrs. Cobweb's; made other three drunk; left orders with my landlady to keep them ſo at my expence; gave a new married wife a guinea and a glaſs of gin to perſuade her huſband to go to ſea.

CAP. Well, come, Mr. Whiff, you've made a good day's work of it: you muſt put freſh baits to your hooks, and have a ſecond caſt. We ſhall want half a dozen landmen; they, you know, may be eaſily hooked: you may ſhip me—let me ſee, at leaſt eight boatſwains, four ſupercargoes, and as many mates as can be perſuaded to exchange ſix months winter to twelve months ſummer. There are, I hear, two boarders at the French-horn, juſt come from the Straights; but, you are to obſerve, they are both married;—but I ſhall ſay no more. I queſtion not your ability. In gaining the conſent of their wives, remember the grand provocative, flip; ply them well with flip and fair promiſes. Shew a tar the bottle, glaſs, and ſalt water, and he immediately becomes amphibious. I'll ſee you again this evening, till when make good uſe of your time. [Exeunt Captain and Whiff.

A Public Houſe. Two Sailors, WILL, TOM; MOLLY and NELLY.

WILL ſings.

From a tedious long voyage I'm returned once more,
And have my dear Nelly in view;
I've weather'd all ſtorms, and am juſt come on ſhore
To partake of ſome pleaſure with you.
What, tho' I've been abſent a twelvemonth, my dear
To my charmer I've ever been true;
I ſcorn, in your abſence, e'er wildly to ſteer,
For my joys are all center'd in you.
Since abſent I've been, many girls have I ſeen,
Who into my open arms flew;

Girls, blooming in youth, and ſcarcely ſixteen,
But, by Jove, I had not forgot you.
'Till cloſely attack'd by a tight rigged laſs,
(By Neptune, dear Nell, it is true,)
I gave her a kiſs, nor thought it amiſs,
Until I bethought me of you.

NELL.

Since you've been abſent from theſe arms,
Beaux have attack'd me in ſwarms,
In hopes to gain their will;
But never ſhall, while I have life,
With all their arts, o'ercome the wife
of gallant ſailor Will.

WILL. Wife, ave, dam'me, Nell, thou art my wife, my life, my ſheet anchor, my buoy and buoy-rope, my ſheet cable. Why, if thou didſt not bring me up, I ſhould founder on the rocks of New-ſtreet, or run aboard ſome of the veſſels in Populary-wient.

Enter WHIFF; ſings.

When firſt I did my Nelly ſee,
I view'd her lovely frame;
A ſpark of love juſt roſe in me,
Which kindled to a flame,
E'er ſince which bleſt and happy hour
I feel the pleaſing ſmart;
Nor do I bluſh to own the pow'r,
Dear Nell has o'er my heart.

NELL. A charming voice!
MOLL. A very handſome man!

WHIFF. Your ſervant, ladies. I beg your pardon for this intruſion; I really did not ſee you. Your ſervant gentlemen. [To the Sailors.

NELL. Sir, we don't look on it as an intruſion, but rather a compliment to be favor'd with a ſong from ſuch a proficient in muſic.

WHIFF. Ladies, you are pleaſed to pay me a compliment that is not due to a perſon who has ſo hoarſe a voice.

WILL. Hoarſe it is the better for being hoarſe; the e's my meſſmate Tom there, has as hoarſe a voice as e'er a boatſwain's mate in the navy,—and he ſings a good ſong.

WHIFF. Ladies,-will you drink a glaſs of wine?

WOMEN. No, Sir, we are much obliged to you.

WHIFF. Would you drink any thing elſe? Gentlemen, you are perhaps better acquainted with the taſte of the ladies than I.—How do you think a little flip would anſwer?

WILL. Why, Sir, in my opinion, a little flip would be more agreeable than any other liquor; for we, who uſe the Straights, are cloyed with drinking wine. I had a meſſmate, d'ye ſee, Sir, took it into his head to go a privateering by land, and brought too a nobleman, uncaſed him, and took all his valuable rigging from him; and dreſſing himſelf in the nobleman's clothes, away he ſteers to a bagnio, drinks wine till he was ſo crank, he could not carry ſail; and before he could clear the coaſt, he was taken, and condemn'd for fighting under falſe colours. I remember his dying ſpeech very well:—Will (he called me as he went up the ſhrouds to be ſwung off the yard arm) never drink any wine, eſpecially when you're in chaſe.—I ſhall never forget him when I handed a good cann

of flip to him:—Aye, ſays he, had I drunk ſuch ſtuff as this I ſhould have ſailed on my own bottom many cruiſes yet. I never ſaw a fellow behave ſo in my life—he never ſpoke another word, only called the hangman a ſon of a bitch for not providing him with a better top rope.

WHIFF. Poor fellow! I ſaw juſt ſuch another inſtance on board our ſhip, when we went in ſearch of the Marſhal Belle Iſle. A poor fellow got on ſhore at Carrickfergus, and ſo he—

WILL. He was hanged, eh? Poor fellow! were you on board the Belliſle?

WHIFF. O yes, and was very well beloved by Monſieur Thurot's lady. After he had boarded her, and Thurot was killed, I went down, and ſaw the young lady almoſt dead on the cabin ſheets for fear; I brought her to herſelf. She ſhewed me all ſhe was worth on board, inſiſted on my accepting a gold watch, which I did, together with ſome very neat ſilk mittens—If I miſtake not, Mrs. Selfiſh has a couple of pairs of them in her cuſtody, which, if theſe ladies will accept of, they are at their ſervice.

WOMEN. Sir, we give you thanks, and wiſh we had it in our power to return your kindneſs in a ſuitable manner.

WHIFF. Ladies, there is no need for apologies. I think it my duty to oblige the ladies, eſpecially if they belong to a brother ſailor; I was always a ſeaman's friend, and ever ſhall as far a lies in my power. I was brought up at ſea, and at this time, belong to as fine a veſſel as ever carried canvas. I ſhould have ſailed a week ago, only I can't get officers to pleaſe me: I have ſhipped all my people theſe ten days, and as they are all good men, I

have no notion of their being commanded by cane officers.—No, no, my mates ſhall both of them be men that have humanity in them.

Nell. There's an honeſt man; I wiſh you could get ſuch a captain.

Moll. I wiſh I were a man, and underſtood how to ſail a ſhip.

Whiff. Nay, ladies, your delicacy would not bear the hardſhips that we tars cope with:—a needle looks better in a lady's hand than a marlin ſpike, and a thread than a ſeven inch hawſer:—no, no, 'tis men that are deſigned for ſuch employments, and 'tis men I want. What do you ſay, gentlemen? I imagine you can either of you handle a quadrant, and if you can't, there is a boatſwain's or a gunner's birth vacant.—But drink, gentlemen, if we are not ſhipmates, we can drink together. Ladies, I beg your pardons, I had almoſt forgot my promiſe. Mrs. Selfiſh, will you bring the ladies mittens here, that I deſired you to take care of.

Enter Mrs. Selfish.

Selfish. Here they are, ſir, my daughter has taken a particular fancy to a pair of them; if they are to be diſpoſed of, I would gladly have a pair for her.

Whiff. They belong to theſe ladies; but could I oblige miſs in another point, I would gladly do it: (gives them the mittens) there, ladies, I wiſh they were more valuable for your ſakes.

Moll. Sir, I am much obliged to you. (O the dear Captain) [Aſide.

Nell. Thank you, ſir, I heartily thank you, ſir. (O the charming creature! bleſs me, how broad he is over the ſhoulders) [Aſide to Moll.

Will. Well, ſir, if you are not provided with a

boatſwain, I ſhall go. if I can perſuade Tom here to go. What does my Nelly ſay?

NELLY. Who can refuſe ſo good an offer?
The captain he does nobly proffer.
WILL. Well, ſince my Nelly tells me ſo.
It is determin'd then to go.

TOM. I am ſorry to part with an old ſhip-mate, but, dam'me if I an't loather to leave my Moll—Though what do you ſay, Molly?

WHIFF. Come, Mrs. Molly, give your conſent for your huſband to be made an officer of,— 'll enſure his coming back ſound wind and limb.

MOLL. I would not have him go againſt his will; but, if you get his conſent you ſhall have mine.

WILL. How now, my friend Tom, what makes thee ſo dull?
Leave off all this whining, and be not a fool;
Forget theſe pretences of ſtaying with wenches;
'Tis far worſe than leading the life of a dog:
Be not melancholy, nor think more of molly,
But waſh out her remembrance with life-giving grog.

WHIFF. That's nobly done, brother Will; come let's take the other drink. Ladies, both your healths—Come, brothers, here's ſucceſs to the voyage;—but I ſhall not perſuade you any way: no, dam'me, it ſhall never be ſaid of Will Whiff, that he cauſed uneaſineſs between man and his wife; ſo once again, ladies, here's your healths. [drinks.

NELL. He's a fine man, is not he? He's very ſenſible and good natured. [Aſide to Moll.

MOLL. Ay. if all the Guinea captains were of ſo ſweet a temper, th y would not want men to go with them—See what a pretty eye he has.

WHIFF. Well, brother, if you'll not ſhip with me, let me give you a little advice. You've not been long at home; the preſs in this place is very hot; and, to convince you that I abhor flattery, and am your friend and well wiſher, pleaſe to accept of this protection: call yourſelf William Whiff, ſhew the preſs-maſter this paper, and bid them defiance.

MOLL. (Running and taking him by the hand) O generous captain! he ſhall go. How can you deny ſo good a gentleman?

TOM. Well, Sir, I'm reſolved to go with you, if you were bound to Strombolo, and laden with gunpowder.

WHIFF. That's ſpoke like an admiral: come, then ladies, you'll accompany us to our rendezvous; for I keep open houſe for all comers and goers.

Sings.

Let the timorous ſoul live in quiet at home,
While we, Sons of Neptune, at liberty roam;
'Tis honor and wealth that we tars do purſue,
And the good of our owners is all we've in view:
Then come, my brave lads, now with one accord,
And follow, follow, &c. each other on board.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. A Tavern.

Enter Captain SHARP; diſcovers ſailors, with each a girl, drinking.

CAPT. Servant, gentlemen; ladies, your moſt obedient.

SAILORS. Servant, Sir, ſervant.

[Tom Bowling drinks.

TOM. Come, Molly, my dear, here's luck, and fortune; thou'rt a tight wench enough, only thou carri-s ſuch a tor't weather helm, there's no keeping thee out of the wind.

CAPT. Why, brother, you perhaps take in her head ſails too often.

TOM. I never take in any ſail at all—only now and then ſhe's ſo damn'd crank I'm obliged to heave her too under bare poles—but come, Moll, drink and be in good humour.

MOLL. No, I'll drink none of your traſh, I aſked for a little punch; but you, to be ſure, muſt drink rum and water.

TOM. Grog, Moll, grog—the liquor of life, and the ſoul of a ſailor.

CAPT. Some punch, ho! Grog is a wholeſome drink, I muſt own; but the ladies have a different opinion of liquors to we men - I dare vouch for this lady, that ſhe would prefer a diſh of chocolate before a tankard of rum and water.

Enter Landlady, with a tankard of punch.

LANDLADY. Capt. Sharp, your ſervant—I wanted to ſee you—I heard you ſay you wanted a doctor;

I have a boarder here, a very likely man, juſt come from Ireland, I would recommend him to you, and expect him to tea this evening.

Capt. Well, well, I ſhall ſtay to tea, and wait on the gentleman. Ladies and gentlemen, I hope you'll favor me with your company.

Joe Jibb. Aye, we'll be a cann with you, with all our hearts—but as for t-a, I'm no tea man.

Capt. Well, gentlemen, as I am by myſelf, I hope you'll permit theſe ladies to take a diſh or two along with me; and if you'll accompany them, you ſhall be welcome. In the mean time, ladies, your healths—Gentlemen, yours—punch is a fine liquor indeed—very palatable; it's ladies liquor—Why the Empreſs of Ruſſia drinks nothing elſe.

Moll. Why yes, I told him ſo, but he wou'd not be adviſed by me.

Capt. Well, never mind it Molly; rum and ſugar are two great preſervatives; but then a little acid or ſouring makes an addition to its flavor.

Tom. Souring, give her no ſouring, ſhe's ſour enough already.

Joe Jibb. Come, come, meſſmate, don't be ſo rough with her: the beſt veſſel in the navy may become leaky if ſhe's carried too hard upon.

Moll. Aye, a barbarous creature, he does all he can to put upon me.

Tom. Yes, but you take care to behave like a camel—and lie down when you are heavy loaden.

Surey. O fie, Mr. Bowlin, I could not have thought it of you.

Capt. Come, ladies, make yourſelves eaſy, the gentleman only jokes with you, I dare ſay.—Gentlemen, come, what do you ſay to a ſong.

Mrs. Cobweb. O lack a daiſy, aye, a ſong—for

as Mr. Shickſpur ſays, muſic has charms to ſooth the ſavage bear.

SALLY. O la, that's true; Mrs. Cobweb did you ever read, how that the firſt fidler that ever was in the world, made the very ſtones to dance.

MRS. COBWEB. O dear me, yes ſure, why old lame Giles, the fidler, that attends my houſe, remembers him very well.

JACK KATLIN. Come, come, mother Cobweb, make us another canny, wha ſign fies a breeze if we don't carry ſail to it. Come, Sir, will you give us a bit of a touch?

CAPT. Aye, by all means; come, ladies, drink, zoſe it's almoſt tea-time, and not finiſh'd this tankard; come, ladies, here's my ſervice to you. Gentlemen, your healths. [drinks] Now, ladies and gentlemen, drink round, and then we'll have a ſong.

JOE JIBB. Come, Sir, here's luck to you; ladies your healths. Suſie, here's ſucceſs to thee, my girl; thou'll be lying in a good harbour, when I'm beating to windward. Be adviſed, Suſie, and don't drive from thy moorings, 'till I'm within hail of thee; for in me, Sue, thou ſhalt always find a good pilot.

SUE. Why, my Joe, are you going ſo ſoon to ſea?

JOE. Going, aye, the firſt offer.

CAPT. Then I'm your man, you ſhall have as good encouragement from me, as from any perſon in the river.

JOE. What ſhip, Sir, and where bound to?

CAPT. No ſhip, Sir, but as fine a ſnow as ever ſwam the ſeas, and bound to the healthieſt part of the coaſt; the voyage will be but ſhort, but the

wages will be higher than what is given to any part of America.

Tom. Guinea is a bad place to go to: and the uſage, I've heard, is worſe than the place itſelf.

Capt. No, gentlemen, it is not the place, but the name of the place that is bad—Why now, gentlemen, becauſe I'm drinking and making merry with a brother ſailor, here's perhaps another captain comes, who calls me a low-liſ'd fellow; and if he hears my name mentioned in public company, he tells them, aye, ſays he, I ſaw him drinking with a parcel of ſailors. Now I only aſk you, ladies and gentlemen, what worſe I am for making free with a brother tar—I was brought up a ſailor—I did not get my bread by keeping the fire-ſide abroad; no, and dam'me ſhew me the man that ſays I am a low-liſ'd fellow, for taking a pleaſure in promoting the intereſt of an honeſt ſeaman, and I'll make him repent the time he ever affronted Jack Sharp—Jack Sharp, gentlemen, aye, that's my name; I'm none of your Mr. nor your Captain; call me Jack Sharp, and a ſeaman, and dam'me if I want any other name. I'm the ſame thing ſea or aſhore.

Moll. God bleſs him, he's a very free good-natured man.

Sally. Aye that he is, and ſings a fine ſong—bleſs him, he gave me a ſuit of ribbands the other day, and did ſo teaze me, I wiſh I may die if I was not frightened out of my wits; for my mother does not like him, and when ſhe came in, I'd my cap off, and was wringing wet with ſweat.

Joe Jibb. Well, Sir, forty ſhillings is given—Now I ſuppoſe you'll give the ſame; if ſo be you will, do you ſee, we'll all five go with you.

Sue ſings.

O, my dear, my lovely Joe,
Will you from your Sukey go;
Will you leave your conſtant Sue—
Stay at home, my Joey, do.

Joe.

Deareſt Suſie, pray be eaſy,
'Tis in vain for you to teaze me,
Tho' abſent, I'll be true,
To my dear, my lovely Sue.

Sue.

Ah, Joey, you'd make me believe,
You're conſtant while away;
Can you Sukey ſo deceive,
When you with black girls play.

Joe.

Be pacified, charming Sue, my dear,
Be eaſy my deareſt Sue,
When no danger's near, there's nothing to fear
Thy Joe will prove true.

Capt. Come, ladies, I promis'd to ſing a ſong; Mrs. Sukey, make yourſelf eaſy, for tears avail nothing—It's as much impoſſible for a ſailor to live on ſhore, as it is for a lady of 5000l. fortune, to live on water gruel—a fiſh out of water is not half ſo

reſtleſs—a maid of twenty-three not more uneaſy—nor one of thirty more in deſpair.

JOE. But the ſong, Sir, the ſong,

CAPTAIN ſings.

To baniſh all grief, and to paſs away care,
From inſipid reflections refrain,
Should trouble or care with our joys interfere,
Waſh them off with the juice of the cane.
Pray what made we tars with ſuch vigour to fight,
And ſo many victories gain?
What put all the Spaniards & Frenchmen to flight
But tars, and the juice of the cane?
Had Madrid and Paris been joined in one,
Or even was all France and Spain,
Like Martinique, ſtock'd with ſugar and rum,
Britiſh tars would it certainly gain.
But garlick and ſoup, of their produce being chief,
Such living as Britons diſdain:
We thought it much better to feaſt on roaſt beef,
Waſh'd down with the juice of the cane.

SAILORS Chorus.

But garlick and ſoup, of their produce being chief, &c.
Huzza for beef and liberty.

Enter DOCTOR O'FEGAN.

Doctor. Huzza for potatoes and beef.

MRS. COBWEB. Come, Doctor, you've not been as good as your word; it's almoſt four o'clock.

Here's Captain Sharp has been waiting for you theſe three hours—Captain Sharp, this is the Doctor I told you of.

CAPT. Doctor, your moſt obedient.

DOCTOR. Sir, your moſt obſequious.

CAPT. Mrs. Cobweb has been pleaſed to recommend you to me, as a perſon willing and qualified to go ſurgeon to Africa, which if you are, Sir, I command as fine a veſſel as ever ſail'd the ſeas, and ſhall do all that lies in my power to make things as agreeable to you as poſſible.

DOCTOR. O, as to that, Sir, things may be eaſily made agreeable to me, for I'm pretty well accuſtomed to the ſea. It is only five years ago I left Limerick; there was nineteen of us on board, and every ſhoul ſhick of the ſhea, but myſelf and Daniel O'Dempſey, the ſhoe-builder's ſon in Youghall.

CAPT. I ſuppoſe Mr. O'Dempſey was the captain.

DOCTOR. Captain, Oh! who the devil made a ſhoe-builder's ſhon a captain; indeed he hoiſted the wings of the ſhip, but devil a mote did he do, only making his game of the poor fellow that ſtood at one end of the ſhip, with a long pole in his hand to guide her; and every now and then he would cry ſtarboard, ſteady, and ſuch gibberiſh, as the devil himſelf could not underſtand.

CAPT. What, had you no captain then?

DOCTOR. No; Michael O'Connor and I had a long diſpute about it; but I thought it was not worth my notice to talk about it, ſho I let him take her. We were four days on our paſſage, and had not ſo much as a pint of whiſkey on board.

CAPT. You were badly off, indeed, Doctor.

MRS. COBWEB. Aye, poor ſoul, after having

lived so well at home; why, when my son first went to sea, he could not endure fat meat; and the hard hearted wretches would not so much as let him have a little lean beef hashed up; nor a bit of toasted cheese; nor nothing in the varsal world.

CAPT. Hard usage, indeed, Mrs. Co web, (to the Doctor) Pray, Sir, where might you be b o g t up?

DOCTOR. Born, Sir; why I was born in Ballatage, educated in Dublin; brought up under the great Munro, in Edenburgh, was a pupil to the great Boerhaave, at Leyden; attended Hunter's lectures, at London; and travelled by water to Liv rpool.

CAPT. Your name, Sir, if you please?

DOCTOR. My name, Sir, is Murphy O'Fegan. Teady O'Fegan, who beat the White-boys, was my father; I am the seventh son of my father, and the one-and-twentieth child my mother ever bore; I understand the articulation of the human frame; mankind is made up of blood, bone, and gristle; and womankind is made much in the same way, only they have more tongue, and less conscience than man. I am likewise acquainted with all the disorders that attend the human body. In fevers, I always give diuretick; in fluxes, astringents; in scorbutics, cathartics; in plathoric habits, phlebotomy; and to lathargic and lazy people, no victuals or drink. Pray, captain, do you understand latin?

CAPT. No, Sir, nor greek neither.

DOCTOR. Well, that's a misfortune—why, shur, the very last word I said was latin. Did you ever hear of the great Monroe in Edenburgh?

CAPT. I haved hear of him, but never saw the gentleman.

DOCTOR. Well, Sir, then you must know that he and I were two old cronies together; and many a time would he cry, when we've been dissecting a human body. Oh! he would cry, were I not the great Monroe, I could wish to be Doctor O'Fegan.

CAPT. Well, doctor, in a word, if you are willing to go surgeon's mate, on board the Dispatch, you shall meet with as good encouragement as is given out of this or any other port. You're young and unacquainted with the coast of Africa. But as I have an esteem for gentlemen of your country, and sensible that there are in Ireland many deserving brave men, I would willingly employ you. I have already ship'd a surgeon, a very good temper'd gentleman, and am of opinion you'll agree very well together.

DOCTOR. By my shoul, captain, you talk as well as if you had been brought up in the shitty of Dublin.

CAPT. I'm a well-wisher to the place, tho' not a native; but without further ceremony, Sir, if you are willing to go, you shall have three pounds ten shillings per month.

DOCTOR. Well, captain, give me your hand, I'll go with you. But pray, won't we meet Ireland, as we go to Guinea.

CAPT. Yes, yes, doctor, you'll see Ireland.

DOCTOR. That's right—Mrs. Cobweb, is the tea-pot on the fire?

MRS. COBWEB. Yes, sure, the tea-pot has been ready this half hour, in the back parlour.

CAPT. Well, come, ladies and gentlemen, will you walk into tea?

SAILORS. Aye, aye, come let's go; mother Cobweb, bring a glass of rum, I'll have mine lined.

[Exit.

Song by Doctor O'Fegan.

If e'er I come home, which I certainly will.
If the blackmoor negroes poor Murphy don't kill,
Three tails to my wig I will have, I declare,
And a ſword of at leaſt two fathom I'll wear.

I'll land ſafe in Ireland, ſomewere about Cork,
And there I will paſs for the great Duke of York,
And then to be ſure, to heighten the ſcenes,
I'll throw to the rabble a heap of thirteens.

Old Teady, my father, to ſee ſo much pelf
Will never know me, I ſhall ſcarce know myſelf;
My ſiſter affrighted, from my long ſword ſhall run,
And my mammy not know poor Murphy her ſon.

My old maſter, the barber to be ſure, will be there,
To ſee me ſo dreſt he will damnably ſtare,
He'll talk to me in iriſh, and I won't underſtand,
But I'll give him a kick with the back of my hand.

ACT II.

SCENE A commodious Room.

Enter Doctor Free and Miſs Kitty.

Kitty. Be perſuaded, Sir, time may ſoften my obdurate father's heart; and we may yet be happy.

DOCTOR. Yes, my dear, time to be ſure determines all things, and will doubtleſs bring me back to your arms; and perhaps in a ſituation to make us both happy, regardleſs of your father's diſpleaſure.

KITTY. Ah, ſir! but what dangers and difficulties may you meet with, that may put a period to all our hopes and wiſhes, expoſed to the ſcorching ſun, and open to the pernicious dew, or you may meet with temptations and forget your Kitty.

DOCTOR. And does my Kitty ſuſpect my truth and conſtancy? forbid it, heavens!

'Tis ſhe, and ſhe alone, that ſhall controul
The inmoſt thoughts and wiſhes of my ſoul:
Time ſhall not change, nor abſence e'er remove
A ſingle jot of my unbounded love.

KITTY Sings.

Your truth I don't in queſtion call,
But Oh! how can I bear
Thus to part with my life, my all,
And not let fall a tear?

Say, can the winter's froſt and ſnow,
Life to the primroſe give?
Can I, if Thomas from me go,
Oh! can his Kitty live?

DOCTOR Sings.

In winter the primroſes fade,
In ſummer more bright to return,

So droopeth each true-hearted maid,
When from her her true love is gone.

But when the cold winter is o'er,
And ſummer the miſt doth expel,
The beauty returns to the flower,
And fragrant as ever doth ſmell.

SCENE V.

Enter Mr. Hard and Kitty.

Hard. Come hither, Kitt; I find I muſt keep a maſtiff dog about my houſe, or there will be no ſuch thing as living in ſafety.

Kitty. A maſtiff dog, what means my dear papa!

Hard. Mean huſſy, why I mean to prevent that dog of a doctor ſtealing my forward daughter.

Kitty. I hope, Sir, your daughter's conduct is a ſufficient defence for her perſon, without being guarded by a maſtiff dog.

Hard. Why aye, I hope ſo too, Kitt. But pray thee, in the name of fortune, what has that coxcomb in him ſo bewitching.

Kitty. Well, papa, I hope you will not be offended if I give you my opinion of Mr. Free.

Hard. No, child, no; but don't let thy opinion differ from mine.

Kitty Sings.

When my mamma you firſt did chuſe,
Say, was it for her pelf?

HARD. No, Kit, no—thy mother was a notable woman.

KITTY. Then, Sir, I hope you'll me excuſe,
If I chuſe for myſelf.

HARD. Aye, aye, Kitt, but not ſo haſty neither, you muſt not touch and take, I always like to ſee a young lady chuſe with judgment.

KITTY. Well, papa, will you give your opinion of my judgment; I have placed my affections on a young gentleman. I chuſe him young, becauſe differences in age often cauſes inquietude in families—he's genteel, affable, and good temper'd. He has much of the ſcholar and gentleman in him; all which, adorned and poliſhed with the chriſtian, in in my opinion, makes him a compleat man.

HARD. I find thou has examined his clothes, but not his pockets—why, thou has forgot the main point. He's young and genteel, affable and good-natured, but no money—now does thou hear me, Kitt; his gentility muſt be kept up, or his affability and good temper will ſour; and then, if he's a ſcholar, he muſt have a large library of books.—But I think your ſaid he was much of a gentleman; that's as much as to ſay, he'll want a deal of fine clothes; but thou ſhould not have ſaid he was a chriſtian, for I'm ſure no chriſtian would attempt to run away with another man's daughter; this is no match for thee, child—what, becauſe the puppy can talk over a little latin, I ſuppoſe, he's to have a wife and five hundred a year—no, no, I'll have no ſuch matches, thou ſhall be married to 'Squire Cateſby—'ſblood, there's a man for you, has two hundred a year, Kitt, in land; and three thouſand pounds in the Bank; and in his prime too, only

turned of thirty odd years of age, my wench, and all his pockets full.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, 'Squire Catesby waits on you in the hall.

Hard. I'll wait on him directly; so Kitt, now thou'rt for him—but pox take it, forget this doctor. [Exit.

Kitty Sings.

If you can exchange night for day,
If you can the mountains remove;
My papa I would surely obey,
And detest the dear man that I love.

But oh! say shall that ever be,
Both nature and reason says no!
Reason urges, papa to obey,
Nature tells me with Thomas to go.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Did you call, Miss?

Kitty. Yes, Betty, I am going to make you my confident; you are already acquainted with my intimacy with Doctor Free.

Betty. Dear me, yes sure—poor soul, he came last night, and stood before the door two hours, and last night was a very cold night; my master took notice of him too, and asked me to desire him to step in out of the rain—but when Matty said it was the doctor, away he sends me to Captain Ken-

nel's, to borrow his big dog Jowler; I'd no ſooner brought him in at the back door, but my maſter opened the front door, and ets him at the poor gentleman—he no ſooner ſaw the cur make at him, but drew his ſword, and run it quite through him; and Captain Kennel is playing the very vengeance about it.

KITTY. Well, well: to night he ſhall meet with a better reception——Here, Betty, take this letter and go to the Talbot, deliver it into no one's hands but his, and wait for an anſwer. [Exit Betty.

I'll receive this booby's viſit for once, in order to pleaſe my father—Well, this is a rare invention. Let me ſee, will it admit of any alteration. [reads Sir, To-morrow morning is my father (as I am informed by the bearer of this) determined to carry me to 'Squire Cateſby's, fourteen miles from this place, and with what intention the bearer will inform you.—As you are not acquainted with the ſeveral doors of our houſe, would have you diſguiſe yourſelf, and paſs for 'Squire Cateſby's couſin; and by enquiring if he's gone, which he will by five o'clock this evening, you will, I dare ſay, meet with a better reception than you did laſt night—a double horſe will be neceſſary. Mind and forget not the Lancaſhire dialect; nor take any notice before my father of

CATHERINE HARD.

But here they come, now flattery aſſiſt me.

Enter HARD and 'SQUIRE.

HARD. Kitty, Kitty, here's 'Squire Cateſby come to ſee thee.

Enter 'Squire with a whip and dirty pair of boots on.

'Squire. Aye, by the maſs am I, miſs, and have been up to the knees i'th' ſlatch.

Kitty. I'm very ſorry that 'Squire Cateſby ſhould put himſelf to any trouble on my account.

'Squire. Nay, miſs, as to that it's no trouble at all; but you'll give us a kiſs, waint you, miſs Kitty?

Kitty. A polite queſtion, indeed. [Aſide.

Hard. Come, come, Kitt, give the 'Squire a kiſs.

Kitty. [aſide] I think if it's not worth coming for, 'tis ſcarce worth having. [Squire kiſſes her.

'Squire. God bleſs her little heart, hoo as a breath as ſweet as a honey ſuckle—yo'll come and ſee us to-morrow, waint you, Kitty; and your father'll come along with you.

Kitty. My father's will ſhall be obeyed, Sir, (only in one point. [aſide]

'Squire. That's well ſpoke, Kitty; obey your father, that your days may be long in the land, as the catechis ſays—you have learn'd your catechis, 'aint you?

Hard. Catechiſm, aye, this nine years; why, zooks, ſhe could ſay her catechiſm eight years ſince.

'Squire. Why that's ſomething like, there's one of my tenant's ſons has been at my houſe theſe three years, and couſin Joe can't get him to learn his catechis, do what he will, and Joe's as fine a ſcholar as any within thirty miles of us: I've heard that very young man hold an argument with parſon Goff—and I can tell you Goff's a ſcholar too—

Hard. Aye, that may be, but you know there's none ſo good, but there's others as good—why there's my daughter, tho' I ſhould not ſay it before her face, but yet I will ſay it, that there is not a wench in all Lancaſhire, that knows more of the world for her years.

'SQUIRE. Aye, that I don't doubt, but yet in the country we ſee we've an opportunity of many fights, as ſhe can't have in town; there'll be hay-making coming on, in a ſhort time—now there'll be rare ſport at hay-making—zouns to ſee all the lads and wenches about the town, rowling and tumbling.

HARD. Fine ſport indeed—well, Kitt, thee and I'll go and have a look at them—So, do you hear, Kitty, get all your clothes pack'd up, and tell Betty to get me ſome clean linen ready; for we'll ſet out by day-light in the morning.

KITTY. Very well—I'll provide myſelf for the journey.

'SQUIRE. That's well ſaid again, Kitty talks rarely I proteſt—come it's almoſt five o'clock; give us another ſmack of your pretty lips, and then I'll (kiſſes her) well, we ſhall ſee you to-morrow—ſhan't we?

KITTY. I hope not. [aſide.

HARD. O yes, you may depend upon our being with you to dinner at the furtheſt.

'SQUIRE. Well, I wo'nt dine till you come—farewell, miſs Kitty.

KITTY. Then you'll not dine theſe two days. [aſide.

Exit Hard and 'Squire.

Enter BETTY.

KITTY. Did you see the doctor?

BETTY. See him, yes; but never did I ſee ſuch another ſince the very hour I was born—as ſoon as I gave him the letter, he tore it open ſo eagerly to read it, as I never ſaw in my days: then he kiſs'd

it, I dare say, twenty times—he call'd for the waiter to pay him for the bowl of punch he was drinking, and in the hurry, gave him half a guinea instead of six-pence—He was so glad and so joyful, that he could not write an answer, but beg'd me to tell you that he'd be here by six o'clock; and that a sailor belonging to a ship he is going in, will be ready with a couple of horses about twelve, at the upper end of our street.

KITTY. I could almost kiss thee myself for thy good news. I desire, Betty, you'll behave as if you knew nothing of him, when he comes; if you chance to laugh, or shew any freedom in talking to him, it may cause suspicion.

BETTY. Never fear it, miss—I'll be as mute as a fish; but pray did'nt you see 'Squire Catesby?

KITTY. Yes, sure, and have been tormented with him an hour. In the first place, he told me he came to see me up to the knees in mud—in the next place, he ask'd me if I had learn'd my catechism; said I talk'd rarely, and had a breath as sweet as a honey suckle—that he's an honest man, I don't doubt—as for his riches, I am not, nor do I desire to be acquainted with—but of this I'm sensible, that he's better acquainted with hay making, than with Ovid's Art of Love. That he's fitter to be my father than my husband, and that———

BETTY. Say no more—that very instance has force enough in it, to convince me of his insufficiency. But hush, some one knocks—it's the doctor I'm almost sure.

KITTY. Now mind, my dear Betty, and don't betray us.

BETTY. No, Lord forbid I should, miss Kitty; why it would be worse than murder.

HARD opens the door; enter the Doctor diſguiſed as 'Squire Cateſby's Couſin.

DOCTOR. Your ſervant, Sir, what is couſin James gone home yet?

HARD. 'Squire Cateſby, I ſuppoſe, Sir—yes, he's gone home an hour ago. Would you pleaſe to walk in, Sir, and ſpend an hour or two; or ſtay all night, it's too late now to ride fourteen miles.

BETTY. What cloaths would you pleaſe to have put up for your journey to-morrow.

HARD. Kitty'll tell you what to put up; and do you hear, put up twelve bottles of Chriſtmas ale, and a couple of bottles of Liſbon.

DOCTOR. Why, if I'm not miſtaken, you are the gentleman that's to come and ſtay with couſin Cateſby, and that young woman there.

HARD. Yes, Sir, me and my daughter propoſe going there in the morning. You've not ſeen my daughter yet: Betty, tell Kitty to come into the hall—what does ſhe ſit there by herſelf for. Your name is Joſeph, I preſume, Sir; I heard the 'Squire mention it; and at the ſame time was pleaſed to ſpeak very much to your advantage.

Enter KITTY.

HARD. This is ſhe, Sir, come this way, my dear, this is 'Squire Cateſby's couſin.

DOCTOR. Ads fleſh; but well done James; come hither, my pippin; by the awns but couſin Cateſby has none ſuch a bad notion of things neither.

BETTY. (to Kitty aſide) Lord bleſs him, how rarely he acts it.

DOCTOR. Come, my little merry gold, with 'Squire Catesby's leave, and let's have a buss. O ambrosial nectar. [aside.

KITTY. (seeming to frown) I think you might have asked me as well as Mr. Catesby.

HARD. Come, come, Kitty, don't be cross, I wish thou may never have a worse husband than Mr. Joseph there.

KITTY. I dare say I shall have as good as he.

DOCTOR. Ay, and may hap no better, e'cod.

HARD. Aye: but if thou had that flirt of a doctor now, how finely thou had been off with his scholarship, and his good temper, and the pox knows what—a syrups take all such puppies, I say. (Doctor aside) O! distraction.

DOCTOR. Why I suppose that was Miss's sweetheart, that doctor? eh, Sir.

HARD. He would have been, I believe, had he met with encouragement, but I never saw him since I sat Jowler at him the other night.

DOCTOR. Did the cur bite him, Sir, or did it but sneeten him?

HARD. Why, Sir, it would have bit him, but the rascal drew his sword, and kill'd the poor thing.

DOCTOR. O! beauty, beauty,—how does thou force me to be still. [aside.

HARD. Is supper almost ready, Betty?

BETTY. Yes, Sir, it waits on you in the back parlour.

HARD. Well, Kitty, do you keep Mr. Joseph company, while I go and see what Matty has furnished us with for supper. [Exit.

DOCTOR. O! my charming creature, my beauteous Kitty, what a disguise am I in; transformed in an hour from Thomas Free to Joe Catesby.

KITTY. The transformation is droll enough; I ſuppoſe, Mr. Joſeph, you have exchanged your ſurgeon's inſtruments for a rake and a ſhovel.

DOCTOR. Nay, pray thee, my deareſt, don't mock me.

Sings.

For by ſtratagems many exploits are perform'd,
By ſtratagems many ſtrong caſtles are ſtorm'd;
But if woman, dear woman, ſhall draw out the plan,
He's no ſoldier that won't make a breach if he can.

Enter BETTY.

BETTY. Lord! hold your tongues. I proteſt I have been obliged to keep rattleing the pewter diſhes about to keep my maſter from hearing you. He is only in the back parlour, and has ſent for you to ſupper; and he deſires you, miſs, to ſhew maſter Joſeph the way in.

KITTY. Well, Sir, don't derogate from your profeſſion. Betty will let you know when opportunity ſuits for our eſcape.

DOCTOR. My dear life, I am entirely at your diſpoſal; and, as we ſhall not have an opportunity of any intercourſe with each other, let Thomas Free take this freedom (kiſſes her) before he has the mortification of being called Joſeph Cateſby.

KITTY. (in a pretty loud voice) Well, maſter Joſeph, will you walk in to ſupper?

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE. A Public House.

Enter Bob Bluff, Tom Bowlin, Will, Moll, Nell, &c.

Bob Bluff drunk.

Mate. Come; come, master Robert, drink heartily.

Bob. Heartily! aye, by th' blood, will I!—why, I had ne'er such a taste i'this warld. Londs yore hat, Maister, and I'll look at mysel i'th' glass. (Mate gives him his hat—Bob looks in the glass.) Ads flesh, I am no more like Bob Bluff, than I am like my father's mastiff dog Towser. But pray, naw, what soart on a place is this Guinea? I have heard folks say it is a wickeder place than Lunnun, and that every blackmoor has as many wives as he pleases: nay, I was told for certain, that th' king o'th' blacks had as many wenches as would stond i'th' cumpus of seven acres of graund; and, if it be true, he must be a wacker e'cod!

Mate. Why, master Robert, in Guinea you have every thing you could wish for. If you want money, Guinea is a place for its residence; for where do we get gold at, but at the gold coast? (Mate shewing a purse of gold) See here, my boy, what Guinea produces: guineas, moidores, pistoles, and six-and-thirty shilling pieces, you young rogue you.

Bob. Bleſs my heart; why but there's money enough to buy a farm; but, I ſuppoſe, you've work'd hard enough for it, Mr. Captain?

Mate. Work, what in Guinea?—no, no, nothing to do there, but to lay your head on the knee of a delicate ſoft wench, while ſhe plays with your hair; and when we've got as much money as we want, away we go to Jamaica, and get mahogany to make cheſts to hold our money in; while rivers of rum, hills of ſugar, and cluſters of limes, make drink for emperors.—who wou'dn't go to Guinea?

Bob. Aye, who wou'd not go to Guinea.

Nell. Indeed, captain, yo've given a very good character of the place.

Bob. Aye, indeed has he, miſtreſs, and I'd have you go too; for there's juſtice Joice that lives cloſe to my father's, has been there; and all the folks about us ſays, that he's worth as much as our barn wou'd houd.

Nelly. No, maſter Bluff, I would not go to purchaſe a ſum of twice the value.

Bob. No—why, I ſuppoſe youer afeard—Eh! my little jilliver—bleſſing on your red cheeks; they looken juſt like mellow peaches—let's have a ſmack at 'um. [goes to kiſs her.

Nelly. Stand off you calf you, or I'll ſlap your chops for you.

Bob. Aye, indeed miſtreſs, will you ſo?—By lady, yore as praud as if you was th' captain's wife; but haply I may be as praud as yo in time.

Will. Aye, my lad, that you may, never fear—here, put on theſe trowſers and jacket, and never mind them. (Bob puts them on.

Sings.

Ad zooks! what will our wenches ſay
To ſee me in trowſers and jacket?
Our Moll now as ſure as the day,
Will make a moſt damnable racket,
Poor wench, I'm afraid'll run craz'd,
And make a moſt terrible pother;
But I think that I ought to be prais'd,
For making her into a mother.

[Exeunt.

SCENE. Hard's Houſe.

Enter DOCTOR and BETTY.

Doctor ſings under Kitty's Window.

Hark! the clock hath ſtruck one,
'Tis time to be gone,
Then pry'thee don't trifle, my dear.

KITTY.

What a noiſe you do make,
My papa you'll awake,
And we are undone if he hear.

BETTY. Miſs will be down ſtairs immediately, Sir.

Enter KITTY.

KITTY. Well, Mr. Free, I ſee you are reſolved to be a ſecond Quixotte; but pray where is your Roſinante?

DOCTOR. Waiting only for my Dulcinea.

Enter JACK RATLIN.

JACK RATLIN. The horſes are at the upper end of the town, Sir.

DOCTOR. This, my dear, is my man, how do you like his livery, jackets and trowſers?

KITTY. Jackets and trowſers, fac'd with honeſty, in my opinion, is as becoming as blue and gold.

DOCTOR. That's very true, my dear, yet you ſee what an averſion your father has to ſea-faring people. The other day he ſet the great dog at me, when he heard that I follow'd the ſea; but you ſee how differently I was uſed laſt night under the title of Joſeph Cateſby; but come, my dear, repeat no old grievances; your father's obduracy is more than ſoftened by the affability and tender diſpoſition of his lovely daughter.

AIR 10th.

But come, my dear creature, let's haſten away,
Hark! the cock now proclaims the approach of the day.

KITTY.

Well, come, 'tis too late for to anſwer you nó:
Pray ſhew me the way you wou'd have me to go,

[Exeunt.

SCENE, A Priſon.

Enter PETER PIPE and JOE CHISSEL.

PIPE Sings.

A priſon is all the wide world,
And the great turnkey is Death;
From bondage to bondage we're hurl'd,
Until he deprives us of breath.
The greateſt of kings is a ſlave,
'Till from death he receives his diſcharge;
His ſubjects take him to the grave,
And then he's a pris'ner at large.

Come, come, Joe, don't let your heart be caſt down for two or three days foul wind—what the devil, we that have ſtood ſo many engagements together, to be diſcouraged becauſe it is ebb-tide with our pockets: zounds man, never fear, thou ſhall ſee me pipe all hands to quarters yet, with more vigour than ever, meſſmate. What do you think of ſeeing me cut off a frenchman's arm, and beat him with the bloody end of it; why man, we ſhall not always be in priſon: no, dam'me, I'll go to Guinea firſt, and ſtay there till I'm as dry as a ſtockfiſh.

CHISSEL. Nay, nay, boatſwain Pipe, that would be worſe than being in priſon; there's an old acquaintance of mine that's juſt come from Guinea, tells me that captain Pinch has made a large mortis hole in poor Will Wedge's head; and becauſe the poor fellow was a little vex'd, and call'd Pinch a raſcal, he gouged his left eye out, and made the poor fellow take his turn at the helm, tho' he'd loſt one of his top lights. But here comes captain

Sharp, I ſuppoſe, with ſailing orders from our landlady.

Enter CAPTAIN.

CAPT. Well, my lads, Mrs. Cobweb and I have agreed to releaſe you out of jail, provided you are willing to go to Africa; I juſt want two officers, a boatſwain and carpenter.

PIPE. Why, Sir, I believe we ſhall anſwer your purpoſe. Here's my old meſſmate, Chiſſel, is as good a carpenter as e'er drove a wedge or bor'd an auger hole; and as for me, tho' I'm poor Peter Pipe, and a priſoner, I've been boatſwain and quarter maſter on board five of his majeſty's ſhips. I was boatſwain on board the Ramilies when ſhe was loſt;—I was fourteen hours and three quarters in the water after ſhe ſtruck—I was blown up in the Prince George—run on ſhore at Martinique, in the Reaſonable—I was on board the Monmouth when ſhe took the Foudriant: that was one of the hardeſt engagements ever I ſaw; for do you ſee, Sir, our doctor went down into the cockpit to take off my old meſſmate Tarbucket's leg, but as he was going to take it off, we received a chain ſhot between wind and water, which took off poor Tarbucket's head, ſtruck the doctor juſt under the fore foot, and ſtove his bows in. Before I heard the news, we had five foot water in her hold; but as ſoon as I heard, down I runs, whips up the fellows head, rams it into the hole, ſtops the leak, ſets the chain pumps at work, and frees her. By this time all our ſhot was done; and I, do you ſee, unbethought me of the doctor's inſtruments; for, as the doctor was dead, what the devil buſineſs had we with in-

ſtruments? ſo, as I ſaid, I ram'd them in a lower decker that I was quarter'd at, and ſent them to cut off legs and arms on board monſieur. This was the laſt ſhot we fired, for ſhe immediately ſtruck. Then Joe Chiſſel, here, ſet to work; Joe made wooden legs for all the lame people, and poor Pledget dreſs'd the wounded. I have got my old meſſmate's will and power in my pocket.

The laſt WILL and TESTAMENT of TIMOTHY TARBUCKET.

I, Timothy Tarbucket, of the town of Liverpool, in the county of Lancaſter, having been put in mind of the fate of my old meſſmate, Sam Swab, who died accidently by cutting his own throat for the love of Jenny Jilt; and as the beſt of pilots may (and often do) founder on thoſe beautiful rocks of Venus, ſo am I warned by my old unfortunate ſhipmate, Sam Swab, to draw out the different courſes I would have my friends and ſhipmates ſteer, while the water of my memory is calm and ſmooth, and while I am ſteer'd by the rudder of reaſon, for fear that in ſome hard gale or other, my ſoul ſhould fly out of the bolt rope, or my body be rak'd fore and aft with bullets of mercury, as daily are flying from apothecaries ſhops: I ſay, in caſe any of theſe things ſhould ſo happen, I diſpoſe of all my ſails, rigging, &c. as follows, viz. Firſt of all, let my hull or carcaſe be ſewed up in a good double hammock, with ſome ſtrong tar twine: let me have my old dutch cap, my ſtrong duck trowſers, and fear-nothing jacket, that if I ſhould chance to meet with any ſharks in my paſſage to the bottom, they may find me ſo well fortified, as not to attempt boarding

me. My rigging, conſiſting of one great coat, two pair trowſers, and three ſhirts, I give and bequeath to my old meſſmate, Peter Pipe, inſiſting that he will take care of them, eſpecially the ſhirts, as they are wriſtbanded by Nelly Nettle; for which piece of ſervice, I leave the ſaid Nelly Nettle my watch and buckles; and conſidering her as a leaky veſſel, neither wind nor water tight, I likewiſe give her twenty-ſeven ſhillings in money, with my particular orders that ſhe goes along-ſide the hulk, and gets hove down and ſcrubb'd. I likewiſe deſire my meſſmate, Joe Jibb, to ſee theſe my laſt ſailing orders perform'd, and do for his trouble leave him my tobacco pouch, made out of the ſeal ſkin that he and I catch'd the laſt time we were in Greenland together; whatever elſe belongs to me, I do deſire that it may be diſpoſed of at the maſt, and the money may buy rum for all hands to drink, ſo that we may not part with dry lips. It is furthermore my will, that whoſoever ſews me up in my hammock, do not, as uſual, run the needle through my noſe, ſo that I may call all hands, without ſnaffling, in the next world, ſhould there be occaſion. If the chaplain will accept of a bottle of rum at my funeral, let him have it. But ſhould I receive a ſhot between wind and water, or be rak'd fore and aft, which may hinder me ſailing any longer on my own bottom; it is my will that thoſe experimental ſcoundrals of doctors do not probe nor caulk up my ſeams again. As ſoon as I'm launch'd over the ſide, let all hands give three cheers, and let every well-wiſher to poor Tarbucket, drink a pint of good ſtiff grog, to ſet up the rigging of their hearts, while my old meſſmate, Peter Pipe, ſings, How little do the landmen know, in memory of his old ſhipmate;

and theſe, I ſwear, by the ſheet anchors of the Royal George, are my laſt ſailing orders; and if any ſailor, ſoldier, landman, or lubbard, ſhall break any of theſe my deſires, may they be at ſhort allowance in this world, and walk upon broken glaſs bottles in the next.

Dated onboard the Thunderbomb, June 24, 1763.

TIMOTHY TARBUCKET.

SCENE. Hard's Houſe.

Enter HARD and MATTY.

HARD. Gone, do you ſay? what time? which way did they go? Betty, Betty, I ſay, don't you know of this?—A pox on you altogether—Robin! you Robin I ſay!—

Enter ROBIN.

ROBIN. Here, Sir, here an't pleaſe your honour!

HARD. Saddle Whiteface directly, and go to 'Squire Cateſby's, and let him know that his villain of a couſin had run away with Kitty, and tell him—

MATTY. Dear me, Sir, it was no other than the doctor, I'll aſſure you; for this morning when I got up, I found his fuſtian frock that he had on laſt night, with a book in his pocket, and there was Thomas Free, doctor, writ in it; for I ſhew'd it to James Thick, and he opened it, and ſaid there was a Greek word written it; and ſee here it is, an't pleaſe your honor.

HARD. [opens, and finds Kitty's letter—reads] To doctor Thomas Free—O Lord! O Lord! this is Kitty's writing!

Sir,

"To-morrow morning my father is determined to carry me to 'Squire Catesby's."

I say, Robin, load my fowling-piece directly, and put seven musket balls in it; for do you hear, Robin, the villain had seven senses, or he could not have been so cunning. [reads] "With what intention the bearer will inform you."—Betty, aye, it must be Betty. Robin, the horse-whip, Robin!—Matty, lock the parlour door.

Enter ROBIN with the whip.

HARD. [Takes the whip in his hand] Go out, Robin, and leave me and this impudent jade by ourselves, [Exit Robin.

BETTY. [Trembling] O dear me, Sir! what is that whip for, Sir? I don't know any thing about it, Sir, not a syllable; no, I'm willing to be try'd by old Margery, the fortune-teller, if I do.

HARD sings.

Come hither, you jade, and confess now this minute,
For I plainly perceive that you had a hand in it,
And of their intention you very well knew;
Say, how came my daughter to give me the slip?
Speak the truth, or depend on a lash of my whip.
You know of the project, so don't it deny;
By the mass, if I find that you tell me a lie,
This is the thing that shall make you tell true:

[Smacks his whip.

BETTY. O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! ſtop a little bit, and I'll tell you every individual thing.

HARD. Well, come, tell me directly—'ſflesh! they'll be married, and my child be ruined for ever!

BETTY. O dear me! aye, that ſhe will.

HARD. (lifting up his whip) Tell me this inſtant, I ſay.

BETTY. Dear me! what muſt I ſay, or tell you? I know of nothing, as I'm an honeſt woman.

HARD. (giving her a laſh) Honeſt! I'll put your honeſty to a trial—take you that, you huſſy you.

BETTY. Bleſs your honour! Softly, Sir, and I'll tell your honour.

HARD. Well, where are they gone to, and when did they go? and what are they gone to do—Speak directly, you ſlut you.

BETTY. Why, Sir, they went—let me ſee—they went laſt night, or early this morning—Oh! why they went to the church; I ſuppoſe they went there to be married: and if this is not true, I'll be tried by all the law in England.

[Exit Kitty and Hard.

SCENE A Public Houſe.

Enter WHIFF, O'FEGAN, JACK, WILL, TOM, JOE, MOLLY, NELLY, SUE, &c.

WHIFF. Come, my lads, what you have to ſay, ſay at once, for the flood tide is done, and I expect Captain Sharp here every minute.

JOE JIBB. [drinks] Well, Sue, my dear, you'll

make yourſelves eaſy, and be aſſured that while my name is Jibb, I'll never forget you; and here, Sue, do you ſee, here's my watch and buckles, and be ſure and take care of Dickey, for if he lives, he'll be a boatſwain of a firſt rate, I'll be bound for him.

WILL. (kiſſes Nelly and drinks.) Come Nell, here, fortune purſue thee, thou draws five foot water, maſt heads and all, and if thou get aground it will be thy own fault; here's a ſeven and twenty for thee, and Mrs. Cobweb will let thee have any thing thou wants, till I'm within gun ſhot of you, ſo luck and fortune attend you.

Kiſſes her and ſings.

Adieu, my dear Nell, I muſt bid thee farewell,
Our ſnow at the rock lies unmoor'd;
I would willingly ſtay till ſhe's got under weigh,
But I'm order'd directly on board.
Then ſince it is ſo, 'tis in vain to ſay no,
Or to mourn the decree of our fate;
In twelve months, my dear, I'll return, never fear,
And the long wiſh'd for pleaſure complete.
Should a land lubber dare to attack thee, my dear,
Or thy conſtancy ſtrive for to mar,
I'll make the dog own, when that I return,
What it is to abuſe a poor tar,
But the ebb tide does make, and our anchor's apeak,
No longer, my dear, can I ſtay;
Then give me a kiſs, or exchange it for this,
For exchange is not robb'ry, they ſay.

NELL.

Dear Will, ne'er think me ſo unkind,
As for to be untrue:
Had I the choice of all mankind,
Dear Will, I'd fix on you.

Enter CAPTAIN. Sings.

Come, brother tars, and no longer delay,
The ebb tide has made, and our anchor's away;
Our top-ſails are looſe, and the veſſel's unmoor'd,
So toſs off your canns, and let's haſten on board.

Chorus.

Here's ſucceſs to king George, our commander in chief:
And long may he reign. britiſh laws to maintain:
May he live to defend our freedom and beef.
Here's ſucceſs, &c. (Exeunt.

Enter HARD, DOCTOR, and KITTY.

Doctor ſings.

Was there e'er ſuch a ſquall, about nothing at all!
But I know that ſuch things are quite common.
To breed ſuch a riot, and diſturb our own quiet,
About the dear trifle, a woman.

HARD. Woman! Sir, what my daughter a woman, Sir. Hark ye, Kitt, if I find you've given

way to this fop, I'll ne'er own you, I'll cut you off with a ſhilling—I'll have you—zounds! I'd rather have married you to my groom! ſo out o my houſe, or diſown him for ever.

KITTY (kneels)

Dear, dear papa, be not ſevere,
Nor let me be exil'd;
But oh! your once-lov'd Kitty ſpare,
Oh! ſpare your only child!

HARD. Aye, but conſider, Kitt, the difference between a 'ſquire and a doctor.

DOCTOR.

Kind heav'n at firſt mankind did frame,
Alike of fleſh and blood;
The king and beggar were the ſame,
He no diſtinction ſhew'd:
'Till mankind did theſe laws forſake,
And vainly did aſpire;
'Twas man that did the diff'rence make
'Tween the doctor and the 'ſquire.

HARD. By my word, but he ſpeaks a little to the purpoſe. (aſide) Such another ſong as that would unman me.

KITTY.

What inward pain muſt Kitty feel!
If that you will not give
The pardon now for which I kneel,
I cannot, cannot live!

HARD. [raising her up]

Come to my arms, Kitt, thou'ſt been a ſenſible wench from thy cradle. And do you ſee, Sir, (joining their hands) I give you my daughter, and 200l. a year to live upon; and as I've almoſt perform'd the laſt ſcene on the ſtage of life, ſo you may expect all I leave at my death.

DOCTOR ſings.

May thus each conſtant happy ſwain,
Like me, for e'er his nymph enjoy;
And may the fair ne'er give him pain,
By being over nice and coy.

KITTY.

Be warn'd by me, each Britiſh fair,
Should you from daddy's orders rove,
Down on your knees, let drop a tear,
And ſtrait you will regain his love.

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SAILOR. Aye, aye, will you ſo? then I find you carry water-ſpouts in your eyes to drown your father's ſenſes with, do you, miſs? Oh! woman, woman, what a compoſition art thou! fire and water! But come, come, its no making ſail now, doctor; you've grappled her, and ſhe has ſtruck, and you have nothing to do but to board her; the plunder's all your own, but I'll be bound ſhe makes you pay duty for it notwithſtanding.

[Exeunt omnes.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN

IN THE CHARACTER OF A SAILOR.

WAS e'er a veſſel half ſo ſtrongly man'd?
The people are as thick as they can ſtand;
But what appears to me as ſomething new,
The ſhip's not only man'd but woman'd too.
'Tis a firſt-rate, and only juſt arrived:
At leaſt it ſeems ſo, for each man is wiv'd.
Avaſt, let's have a little nearer view,
Zounds, each man's got a wife, an ſome has two.
I'll take a drink, and then I will advance
Among the croud, and ſtrive to get a chance:
But ſtop, let's look out for the prettieſt face,
In my opinion up aloft's the place.
But what occaſion's there aloft to go,
While there's ſo many beauties here below;
Let's count how many, there's one, two, three, four,
By Jove I cannot count the beauties o'er:
Here's great and ſmall, good temper'd, free, and kind:
Some brac'd up ſharp, and ſome before the wind.
Well might we, Britons, 'gainſt the Spaniards fight,
For to defend ſo beautiful a ſight,
As do appear in Drury-Lane to night.
O happy Theatre, happy Drury-Lane,
In you there's charms to conquer France & Spain,

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